

Movings

The rain beats
lovely
rhythms against
this house of
many years,
especially here,
a semiarid climate,
where rain drops are
gathered for cash.

I come from a wet state
rain all springs
and autumns
and I remember,
though very young,
my mother and I
pretending
that we were in a tent,
every night that it rained,
“hear the pattering on the canvas?”
she’d ask in our shelter
from the wet and darkness,
we two had built
but in dreams.

And the storms...
that fourth of July
I was caught in a glass
treehouse,
though it sounds insane
and impossible,
madness marks so much...
Hail, pounding
against the glass walls
but did not break a pane,
no, not even a crack,
as I looked out over
fields of strawberries
and blackberries
and ripening grapes—
that field
still in my veins.

Farther still:
a storm
over Lake Erie
my brother and I
fishing

he, paddling madly,
wrestling the waves
of the lake
that like a cork
hurled the dinghy about
while I sat
dumbly, for I didn’t understand the danger,
and he didn’t know that the fish
were dying.

The rain sounded
differently then
now
a clock ticks away in the next
room, marking each hour with bells

on the leaves
rain falls electric
on the gutters
it sounds tin
heavy against the softer inner
rhythms, my own heart beat
slow and steady.
How I would love to
dance naked, wildly,
in the rain, like when
I was young, catching rain drops
on my tongue,
now
I’m afraid the
rain will burn
my tongue away.

Moving, again,
where to now?
somehow, I know
the rain will follow me
if only in memories
that block like glass walls.

But
and this is all—
where will those who
come later move?
and theirs?
When the rains
drip blood?

S. Janusz